

Your Gang, Our Gang

The Auteurs

They don't know what I want
They don't know what I mean

I was kicking around on a can
Thinking about your gang your gang
Your gang, our gang
Your gang, our gang

Always get your man
Always get your man
Always get your man
Your gang, our gang
Get your man

Well there's gonna be a fist fight
And there's gonna be a bitch fight
And they traced me to a city pub
On a Saturday night, on a Saturday night
Your gang, our gang
Your gang, our gang

Your gang heart of the mainstream
Our gang nerve of the slipstream
I was thinking aroud the can
Thinking about your gang, your gang

Your gang, our gang
Your gang, our gang

Always get your man
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Your gang our gang
Get your man